

"HEEZA BOOB,"

By Mort. M. Burger.



Daily Capital Journal's Classified Advertising Page

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Wedding Invitations, Announcements and Calling Cards Printed at the Journal Job Department.

L. M. HUM CARE OF Yick So Tong CHINESE MEDICINE AND TEA COMPANY Has medicine which will cure Any known Disease Open Sundays from 10:00 a. m. until 8:00 p. m. 153 South High Street, Salem, Oregon. Phone 283

SAINT PETER AT THE GATE. St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate, With a solemn mein and air sedate, When up to the top of the golden stair A man and a woman ascended there - Applied for admission. They came and stood Before St. Peter so great and good, In hopes the city of Peace to win, And asked St. Peter to let them in.

The woman was tall and lank and thin, With a straggly beardlet on her chin; The man was short and thick and stout His stomach was built so it rounded out, His face was pleasant, and the while He wore a kindly and genial smile. The choirs in the distance the echoes woke And the man kept still while the woman spoke.

"O thou that guardest the gate," said she "We two come hither beseeching thee To let us enter the heavenly land, And play our harps with the angel band. Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, There's nothing in heaven to bar me out. I've been to the meeting three times a week And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent their evil way; I've told my neighbors, I've told them all 'Bout Adam and Eve, and the primal fall;

FOR SALE FOR SALE - 45 acres 1/2 mi. from R. R. station, 1 1/2 miles from two good little towns; 15 acres clear, 20 acres creek bottom, fair buildings. Price 2500.00, half cash, no trade. Square Deal Realty Co., 202 U. S. Bank bldg.

LODGE DIRECTORY A. O. U. W. - Protection Lodge No. 2, meets every Monday evening at 8 in the McCornack hall, corner Court and Liberty streets. A. E. Aufrance, M. W.; S. A. McFadden, recorder; A. L. Brown, financier; R. B. Duncan, treasurer.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD - Meet every Friday night at 8 o'clock in McCornack block. A. J. Swinnick, C. C.; L. S. Geer, clerk, 507 Court Street Phone 593. R. N. of A. - Oregon Grange Camp, No. 1360, meets every Thursday evening in McCornack building. Court and Liberty streets; elevator. Mrs. Sylvia Schupp, 179 1/2 Market, oracle; Mrs. Melissa Persons, recorder, 1296 North Commercial. Phone 1436-M.

DE MOLAY CEMETERY, No. 5, K. T. - Regular convocations fourth Friday in each month at 8 o'clock p. m. in Masonic Temple. Sojourning Sir Knights are cordially invited to meet with us. Lot 1, Pearce, E. C.; Frank Turner, recorder.

CHADWICK CHAPTER, No. 37, O. E. S. - Regular meeting every first and third Tuesday at 8 p. m. in the Masonic Temple. Chas. McCarter, W. M.; S. Z. Sulver, secretary.

CENTRAL LODGE, No. 18, K. of P. - Mc Cornack building. Tuesday evening of each week at 7:30. C. E. Barbour, C. C.; W. B. Gilson, K. of H. and S.

HOODSON COUNCIL, No. 1, R. & S. M. - Stated assembly first Monday in each month, Masonic Temple, N. F. Hasmann, Thrice Illustrious Master; Glenn Niles, recorder.

SALEM LODGE No. 4, A. F. & A. M. - Stated communications first Friday in each month at 7:30 p. m. in the Masonic Temple. Chas. McCarter, W. M.; S. Z. Sulver, secretary.

I've showed them what they'd have to do If they'd pass in with the chosen few. I've marked their path of duty clear, Told them the plan of their whole career.

I've talked and talked to 'em loud and long, For my lungs are good and by voice is strong. So good Peter, you'll clearly see The gate of heaven is open to me But my old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim, Or go to revival or join in hymn; So I had to leave him to sorrow there, While I with the chosen united in prayer. He ate what the pantry chanced to afford, While I in my purity sang to the Lord; And if cucumbers were all he got, It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But oh, St. Peter, I love him so! To the pleasures of heaven please let him go. I've done enough - a saint I've been; Won't that stone? Can't you let him in?" By my grim gospel I know 'tis so That the unrepentant must fry below. But isn't there some way you can see That he may enter who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray, But the chosen expect to find some way Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you, So that their relations can amble through. And say, St. Peter, it seems to me This gate isn't kept as it ought to be; You ought to stand by that opening there And never sit down in the easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my eyes are dimmed But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed. They're cut too wide and outward toss; They'd look better narrow and straight across. Well, we must be going our crowns to win So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat and stroked his staff, But spite of his office he had to laugh, Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Whose tending this gateway, you or I?" And then he arose in his stature tall, And pressed a button upon the wall, And said to the imp who answered the bell, "Escort this lady around to hell."

The man stood still as a piece of stone; Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone. A lifelong settled idea he had That his wife was good and he was bad, He thought if the woman went down below, He would certainly have to go - That if she went to the regions dim, There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent, To follow wherever the woman was sent. St. Peter, standing on duty there, Observed that the top of his head was bare. He called the gentleman back and said: "Friend, how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years," (with a weary sigh), And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"

St. Peter was silent, with head bent down He raised his hand and scratched his crown, Then, seeming a different thought to take, Slowly, half to himself he spoke: "Thirty years with that woman there! No wonder the man hasn't any hair! Swearing is wicked; smoke's not good; He smoked and swore - I should think he would.

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp! Ho! Angel Gabriel! give me a harp! Pick up, pass in where the angels sing! Pick out your robe and select your wings. Gabriel, give him a seat alone - One with a cushion - up near the throne.

Call up some angels to play their best, Let him enjoy the music and rest.

"See that on finest ambrosia he feeds; He's had about all of the hell he needs. It isn't hardly the thing to do To roast him on earth and in future too." They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe and a pair of wings, And he said, as he entered the realm of day: "Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"

And so the scriptures shall come to pass; "The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

Famous German Coffee House Threatened - There's A Reason

Amsterdam, Sept. 9. - Although it is not admitted in Germany, the famous old German coffee houses, the popular resort of the masses, is about to go out of business until after the war. There's a reason. Germany is about out of coffee. For the last two years the Germans have used reserve supplies of coffee stored in Hamburg and Bremen. Antwerp's supply augmented this when it fell to the Germans in 1914. There since has been a little from Holland and Scandinavia. Today, however, the British have so effectively stopped shipments to ports reshipping to Germany that none is available save from Germany. Germany is brewing the last of her precious berries. Before the war Germany imported about 35 million dollars worth of coffee a year, mostly from Brazil and Guatemala.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE

There was an old geezer and he had a lot of sense; He started up a business on a dollar-eighty cents. The dollar for stock and the eighty for an ad Brought him three lovely dollars in a day, by gad! Well, he bought more goods and a little more space, And he played that system with a smile on his face. The customers flocked to his two-by-four And soon he had to hustle for a regular store. Up on the square where the people pass, He gobbled up a corner that was all plate glass. He fixed up the windows with the best that he had, And he told them all about it in a half page ad. He soon had 'em coming and he never quit, And he wouldn't cut down on his ads one bit. Well, he's kept things humming in the town ever since, And everybody calls him the Merchant Prince. - Ford Times.

South Americans Afraid of North American Trusts

Buenos Aires, Sept. 9. - South Americans are deeply interested in the suggestion, referred to in dispatches from Washington and New York, that the Sherman law ought not to be enforced against North American business houses seeking trade on the southern continent. South America is exceedingly fearful of trusts and especially of North American trusts. The people have their ideas on translations they have read from newspapers in the United States. They believe, literally, the very strongest things they have read concerning the trust evil. It is doubtful if the still uninvaded corner of Belgium would regard a German incursion with any more pleasurable anticipation than South Americans feel at the hint that the North American trusts may get a grip on them. This apprehension of trusts, in fact, is a considerable obstacle in the way of American trade's progress here. Consequently this latest suggestion has not been well received. South American business men who think closer pan-American trade relations would be a good thing express the opinion that the field is so wide open, while the war lasts, that trust methods are unnecessary at present. Their view is that North American firms would do better to gain a foothold by individual effort, before the

United States Is Planning a Great New Industry - Flax

The high prices of linen and of the flax fibre from which linens are made has centered attention on the necessity of establishing a real linen industry in this country, the greatest consumer of linen in the world. There seem to be two big problems which must be solved before success is assured. One is to find some artificial method of preparing the flax straw for the spinner, thus relieving the flax grower of this task, and the other is to convince the American public that American-made linen is as good as any other. There are a number of minor problems, and they are all discussed in a report by W. A. Graham Clark just published by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce.

The only country in which the production of flax fibre has increased consistently in recent years is Russia, the report states. In the British Isles and in France the production has decreased in spite of all efforts to keep the industry growing and in Austro-Hungary, Belgium, and the Netherlands the industry has not been able to hold its own. The American production has never been of importance. Thanks to liberal government aid and to cheap labor the Russian has gradually been getting a monopoly of the business up to the time the war broke out.

In the United States flax has been raised almost entirely for the seed, which is used to make the well-known linseed oil so necessary for the production of good paints and varnishes. Of some 3,000,000 acres of flax raised in this country in 1915, the Department of Agriculture estimates that only 2,000 acres were devoted to flax for fibre. The bulk of the straw from the seed-bearing plants is burned and used for fertilizer. It should be borne in mind, however, that flax growing for seed and flax growing for fibre are separate and distinct industries. Some flax is grown for both seed and fibre, but a decision must be made as to which is to be the more important product, just as the sheep raiser must decide whether mutton or wool is to be the primary consideration.

In Europe the farmer not only raises the flax, but prepares the fibre for the spinner. This preparation requires several processes, one of which, known as "retting," requires considerable cheap labor and much time and is in addition a most disagreeable process for the workmen. The problem in this country is to find some chemical process of retting that can be carried out at a factory and thus allow the farmer to confine his attention to the agricultural end of the industry. This is the only condition on which the American farmer will take to growing flax for the fibre, Mr. Clark thinks. Some progress is already being made in chemical retting and at least two concerns are now buying flax stalks from the growers for further treatment. Chemical processes have been tried before without much success, but one of the new concerns is now selling chemically retted fibre to Europe and the other is making coarse linens for use in clothing and for curtains.

Even if a good all-American linen is produced in this country, however, there still remains the great problem of finding a market for it. That means that time and effort will be required to persuade the consumer to buy the domestic product instead of the imported. Many people invariably choose the imported article when it is displayed alongside of domestic products, almost regardless of quality. The president of a mill now making dyed and bleached dress linens from American flax has found that, small as his product, there is difficulty in getting the jobbers and department stores to handle it. The tendency is to assume that, even though it is apparently of excellent quality, it cannot equal the old established linens from abroad. There will never be a better time than the present to popularize the domestic product, for the imported article is scarce and high priced. In normal times our imports of linen goods vary from 25 to 35 million dollars and the demand had been steadily increasing up to the time of the war. The Bureau's report is entitled "Development of an American Linen Industry," Special Agents series No. 122, and may be obtained for the nominal price of five cents from the superintendent of documents, Washington, D. C., or from the nearest district office of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. European struggle is over, resorting to combinations later if they are compelled to.

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Table with columns for SOUTHERN PACIFIC, OREGON ELECTRIC RAILWAY CO., and WILLAMETTE RIVER ROUTE, listing various train routes and schedules.